

Title: An Anakin/Padme Vignette

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Rating: Probably NC-17

Summary: Anakin and Padme continue their clandestine relationship.

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Chapter One: Padme Tortures Anakin

"Do you know what they'll do if they find you here?" Anakin breathed, eyes intensely focused on the beautiful maiden before him. She gazed up at him with a twinkle in the depths of her soft, brown eyes and grinned.

"But they don't KNOW I'm here," Padme pointed out, eyes dropping to the hand clenched around her upper arm, "and you'd better let go of my arm before I kick you in the shins."

Anakin abruptly dropped his hold on her arm, remembering the bruising his shin got from her soft skinned boots the last time he'd tried to manhandle the stubborn senator from Naboo. An icy blue glare stabbed her in warning.

"Don't even think about it, Senator," Anakin rasped a harsh warning. "You may know how to get around my shields, but I also know how to get around yours and I'll be VERY aware before that foot even starts to move."

Padme sent him a slow smile and peered up at him from under her long lashes. "I didn't come to fight with you, Ani."

Warily, Anakin studied Padme's beautiful face, his heart accelerating. Did she HAVE to be so damned beautiful? She had him wrapped around her finger as it was. A smile spread across his own face. But then, again, he must have pleased her quite well last night for her to risk everything to sneak into the Jedi temple.

"Well then," a smirk lifted a corner of his mouth as his arms drew her up against him and his face lowered to an inch from hers, "what did you come for?"

Padme's arms wrapped sinuously around his neck and she drew herself up on her tiptoes. Her tongue slid across his lips in a slow lick, then darted just between them a few times in a daring tease. "No, that was last night."

"Um...what was last night..." Anakin's brain grew fuzzy with each teasing dart of her tongue against the soft insides of his lips.

"That I came," she brushed her lips across his, ending with a slight bite into his bottom lip.

Anakin shivered against her, his body well on its way to hardening for more "As I

recall...Senator," Anakin's hands glided up her sides, his thumbs unerringly finding the nipples already hard with desire for him, "you came MANY times last night."

Anakin's lips trailed a path across her cheek to nuzzle her ear before his tongue traced the shell like contours, his hot breath causing her to shudder violently against him.

"Y...yes," Padme stammered, her hips seeking the now rock hard bulge in his pants. "And let's see if you can do it one more time."

"And I certainly do like the outfit you're wearing," he continued, hands sliding down her back and over her buttocks, cupping them and lifting her against him. The black jumpsuit hugged every curve she owned like a second skin, the zipper somehow holding it together. Even now Anakin found the force a very helpful companion indeed as he used it to lowly slide the zipper down. "Is this what you want, Padme?"

The zipper almost parting the jumpsuit from her breasts, Padme gasped her agreement, one hand making its own way to a downward destination. Fingers curved around the hardness under the leggings.

"You win," Anakin groaned, pulling her body even tighter to his.

"...yes, well I know he's around here somewhere..." a muffled voice crept down the hall.

"He's probably already in the meeting room, knowing Anakin. So prompt and attentive to his duties nowadays."

"Matching his impressive skills with responsibility, he finally is," came the graveled voice of Yoda.

Jedi and Senator froze, Anakin reaching out with the force to recognize the Jedi Masters coming down the hall. Stricken eyes met one another's as the voices grew closer making it obvious there was no way out.

"Uh-oh," Anakin muttered, eyes darting around the room, all desire deflating from his body.

"What are we going to do?" Padme hissed at him frantically.

The doors whisked open and Yoda, Mace Windu, Ki-Adi-Mundi, Shaak Ti, and Obi-Wan entered. Standing at attention, Anakin met them, hands behind his back.

"Ah, there you are!" Mace greeted Anakin. "We figured you might already be here."

"Yes, Master," Anakin bowed his head in deference to the Master Jedi. "I have taken the liberty to order some light refreshments for this meeting. I hope that was all right."

Obi-Wan frowned, still not used to this easygoing padawan. Every so many minutes he kept wondering if this one was a clone of his headstrong, arrogant padawan, altered to a more docile, obedient Jedi. Sometimes he even found himself wishing for the old one back. There had certainly never been a dull moment with the old Anakin!

"That is fine, Padawan Skywalker," Shaak Ti smiled, nodding her head in a very regal motion. "I

am a bit thirsty, so even if no one else thinks it proper, I am VERY glad you did."

Anakin gave a tight smile and bowed before following the masters to the large table in the center of the room. A pristine white tablecloth covered it reaching to the floor in delicate pleats. Anakin's cloak rested over one chair at the end of the table deferentially placed to face his masters and give the illusion of respect for their station in the Jedi Order. Yoda grunted his agreement at the gesture and floated his chair over to his spot at the head of the table. Anakin waited until all had been seated before taking his own seat and scooting it in as far as he could get it, spreading his legs to protect his 'package' hiding under the table. A slight nudge against his thighs let him know Padme had slid between them. As long as she stayed there no one's foot would detect her. Anakin had made sure of it, placing the chairs in safe spots.

"We are very concerned about this new Besalisk threat to Senator Amidala," Mace announced, folding his hands on the table, his voice threaded with concern.

"The Besalisks?" Obi-Wan frowned. "They've never harbored a grudge against the senator. Or anyone, else for that matter."

"Yes, I know," Mace nodded, "but a new threat, nonetheless. Someone is stirring them to want war and the senator is an obstacle they want to dismiss as quickly as possible."

"Stop them we must," inserted Yoda. "A spy we need."

"That should not be a problem, master," Obi-Wan assured, his face lighting up with an idea.

At that moment the refreshments arrived and the meeting paused until all was settled again. Anakin lost himself in thought trying to find the best way to protect his beloved. Padme's reassuring caress on his knee let him know she was, at that moment, safer than she could be anywhere else. A tiny smile pulled at his lips. If the masters only knew!

"What are you smiling about, Padawan Skywalker?" Shaak Ti mused, grateful to have a cup of juice to quench her thirst.

"Me?" Anakin jerked to attention. "Oh...uh...um...I was just thinking that if anyone would have a perfect plan it would be my master."

Obi-Wan looked closely at his padawan, wondering again where the real Anakin was. Half the time Anakin argued with him over anything!

"Oh, well, uh, thank you, Anakin," Obi-Wan accepted the compliment.

"Well, then," Ki-Adi-Mundi said, "tell us."

Obi-Wan cleared his throat, all serious business once again. "The Besalisks...I have a very good friend who is a Besalisk. I know he can be trusted. He is the one who led me to Kamino. His name is Dexter Jettster and I know we could place him amongst them and find out how to stop them. In fact, he may know how to do it without us even having to put him in their midst. He is very crafty."

"Trust him, you do?" Yoda nodded.

"With my life, master," Obi-Wan responded.

"Very well, then," Mace agreed. "Go and speak with him, Obi-Wan, and report back to us. Your padawan will report to Captain Typho and keep watch over Senator Amidala again."

'I AM keeping watch,' Anakin thought to himself gleefully. 'She's right between my...'

Anakin choked on the piece of shuura fruit he'd been chewing and watched in horror as it shot from his mouth and spun across the table towards Yoda. All eyes turned on him in concern, Shaak Ti sliding a glass of juice his way. Gratefully, Anakin swallowed the liquid, one hand stealthily swatting at the fingers untying his pants.

"Are you all right, Padawan Skywalker?" Ki-Adi-Mundi asked in concern.

"Oh...yes...yes sir," gulped Anakin, a wan smile of apology at his lips. "I choked on the fruit. I am SO sorry!"

"That's quite all right, Anakin," Obi-Wan excused warmly, pleased at his padawan's excellent manners. Maybe he was finally learning from his master at last!

"For a moment there I thought I was going to have to pat you on the back," Shaak Ti smiled her teasing of him.

"I'm fine now. Sorry," Anakin finished weakly.

Yoda's ears lowered and his eyes scrunched, not sure what to believe. Something didn't feel right. Reaching out with the force he probed around the table feeling all the others' signatures. All five seemed perfectly innocent and even. Satisfied, he sat back and continued the meeting.

Under his shields Anakin shook with the strain. The tiny, elegant fingers continued to work at the laces on his pants, stopping every so often to stroke along an arousal already rock hard with wanting. Damn her! They were in the middle of a meeting and she was going to give them away if she kept this up! A hand slid along the outside of the fabric. But, oh, it felt so good when she did that! Anakin heaved a huge sigh.

"Anakin? Are you all right?" Obi-Wan asked, looking at his padawan in concern. "Your face is red."

All eyes turned on Anakin. "I'm fine," he managed to sound normal, thanks to the hands sliding away from him. "I think the choking must have done it. I'm fine now."

They went back to the meeting and Anakin did all he could to look like he was listening. But the hands returned, parting the fabric, their soft touch lifting his rampant hardness free from the restraining confines of the leggings. The fingers closed lightly around his straining cock and felt their way up and down it as if testing its durability. Anakin smothered his moan with a cough and ran an agitated hand through his hair. At Yoda's narrowed eyes Anakin double-checked his shielding.

'I am going to KILL you!' Anakin raged his thoughts to Padme.

'Shh, just relax, love,' came the answer. He could almost hear her soft voice in his ear and feel

her sweet breath tickling.

'Just relax. Right. How can I relax when you...'

The warm, wet tongue slid along the underside of his penis in a delicious lick before it flicked over the head. Anakin froze. She was going to go down on him? NOW???? Sure enough, those sensuous lips closed over the tip and into his favorite cavern he went. Down the lips slid, engulfing his entire length in one voluptuous swallow. Anakin wanted to just sit back and howl his freaking head off. He wanted to grab her head and ram his hips forward. She knew just how to get him off, just where to hollow her cheeks and how fast, depending on how quick she wanted to make him come.

'Oh, gods,' Anakin moaned to himself, only allowing his eyes to close in bliss for a brief moment. Sweat beaded across his forehead at the torture.

Mace turned to Anakin. "Have you a detailed plan of the Senator's apartment?"

'I don't need a plan! She's sucking me off! Leave me alone!' He screamed in his mind. With the help of the force he answered calmly, "Yes, master. I have it memorized, but each time I'm sent there I double check in case anything has changed. Captain Typho likes to keep things from being routine. He feels it helps throw would-be assassins off."

"Master, Captain Typho is very meticulous in his security and very cunning," Obi-Wan inserted.

'Yes, but you know how to get through all his security measures to get to me, don't you, Ani?' Padme laughed slyly through the force, slowly sliding him almost completely from her mouth.

'WENCH!' Anakin screamed at her.

Her silent chuckle died as she sucked him back in, working diligently at him, sliding along him at a more rapid pace, careful not to bump her head on the underside of the table. With a deft hand she cradled his scrotum and pulled it down, prolonging the torture, slowing his descent into insanity to a crawl.

Anakin bit his tongue his eyes every bit as attentive on the meeting as ever, but behind them he was seeing shooting stars and whirling comets whizzing past his eyelids.

'Please, Padme!'

'Please what, Skywalker?' Padme sucked down to the root of his cock.

'Ah, by the gods, have mercy on me!'

'All right, sexy Jedi, no more torture,' she murmured through the force. 'Ready or not, here you come.'

'No, Padme, NO! That's not what I meant! DON'T DO IT!!!!'

Padme was beyond listening. A hand released his balls, the fingers finding the sensitive perineum area and massaging deeply as her mouth and tongue hollowed, creating the illusion of her vaginal muscles contracting along his hardness. His essence erupted down her throat

with the velocity of Obi-Wan's starfighter jetting into hyperspace. The need to shout in his ecstasy assailed him, raging to get out of his throat. In one clear nanosecond, he deduced the masters were deep in discussion and ignoring him. Anakin tunneled into the orgasm struggling to hold onto his calm exterior, his body caving to the sultry mouth sucking him dry.

One final heave and it was over. Dizzy and sweating Anakin leaned forward...and his head conked onto the table.

Startled, the others' heads jerked around to see him face down on the table. They started to rise in concern, but Anakin held a hand up for them to not get up. Through the force he could feel and hear Padme's soft giggle as she laced him back into place. Wearily he lifted his head.

"Pale you now are," Yoda noted, ears curling in concern.

"Anakin, maybe you should go lie down," Obi-Wan observed, trying to get a feel on his padawan. He could detect his heart acceleration that was just now steady and a profound sense of relief but nothing else.

"I'm all right now," Anakin assured, reaching under the table and pinching Padme's nose in rebuke. "I had a piece of the fruit still stuck, but it finally went down."

'It went down all right,' Padme poked at his mind. 'It went down nice and smooth.'

"Do you feel well enough to attend to your assignment, Anakin?" Mace questioned, also feeling the padawan's recovery.

"Yes, master, I can attend to it. I feel great now," Anakin responded, blinking innocently.

'I am going to attend to a certain senator's bottom with a hard whack later,' Anakin warned his frisky girlfriend.

'Ooh, a spanking,' Padme enthused, biting lightly into his fabric covered thigh, 'I can hardly wait!'

Inwardly, Anakin sighed. Well, he'd certainly created a monster. 'Padme,' he sent to her through the force, 'what am I going to do with you?'

'Well, Jedi, if I need to tell you...'

"Adjourned, this meeting is," Yoda announced with a nod of his head. "Obi-Wan and Anakin, attend to your assignments and report in twenty-four hours."

Everyone rose from the table. Obi-Wan and Anakin bowed.

"May the force be with you," the Jedi Masters offered.

"May the force be with you," they echoed.

As Anakin turned to leave the room with the others he cast a surreptitious glance at the table. 'Don't take off that jumpsuit when you get home,' he sent along their bond to the vixen under the table. 'I want that chore all to myself!'

Padme heard the warning in his voice and knew not to do it for the consequences would be rough. He could keep her at the point of climaxing all night if he wanted to. She shivered. Retaliation. She would pay for what she'd just put him through.

A huge grin spread from ear to ear.

Chapter Two: Anakin's Turn

"Everything is locked down so tightly, m'lady, that not even a Nubian shadowmite could wriggle through a crack in durocrete," Captain Typho announced proudly. Hands behind his back he lifted his chin to a more imperious pose.

Just over his shoulder a shadow distracted Padme. For a brief second her concentration wavered and her eyes shifted, and the shadow was gone. But it had been there. She knew it and she knew whose shadow it was. It wasn't like him to be so careless. Anyone could've seen it. A little to the left she saw the silhouette at the entrance to her bedroom. It paused momentarily, the eyes she could not see boring into her intently, the force suggestion to excuse herself and come to the bedroom strong.

'I get it,' Padme thought to herself. 'He wants ME to see him and know that he got through all that security...again.' She snorted. 'Some shadowmite!'

"Excuse me?" Captain Typho tilted his head at the sound. "Did you say something, m'lady? Is anything amiss?"

Padme heard the soft chuckle in her mind. "No, Captain," she shook her head and smiled, "I think you've done a fantastic job once again."

Captain Typho smiled at her compliment and bowed. "Thank you. I wish you would let us keep cameras on your bedroom, though. I would feel much safer."

Padme sighed. Every day it was the same argument. "I appreciate your concern, Captain, but it's the one place I have that's all mine. I just got too tired of no privacy. All I have to myself is my bedroom and the 'fresher. R2 does just fine and Anakin Skywalker has shored up the room with security so I can have that privacy."

Captain Typho frowned. Why did she have to bring that boy up again? There was little Anakin could do that their security could not. Why let him maneuver around in what was their territory? Nubian honor was at stake here and he was just a boy of twenty! What could he possibly add to their preparations? He sighed, knowing that wasn't quite fair. After all, Anakin DID save her from those poisonous kohuns. Even their cameras wouldn't have picked up their presence until it was too late. He could sense things concerning the senator that they could not. Why was that? Still, it was a hard pill to swallow.

"M'lady, Anakin Skywalker will be here later to help with your security," Captain Typho informed stiffly. "The Jedi are sending him over after a meeting. Half the time he's here I don't even see him!"

"You're not supposed to see him, captain," Padme smiled, sympathetically. "That's his job, to be as invisible as possible. As long as I know where he is, that's all that counts. He's very good at

what he does."

'Who can argue with that?' Typho wondered, giving in. The boy was good.

"You're right, m'lady," Captain Typho bowed. "Now, if you will excuse me, I will be downstairs monitoring the situation. Dorme will be here if you need her."

'You don't need her.' The force fed thought touched her mind. 'You need me.'

Padme stifled a grin. Maybe she would play with him for a bit. "Yes, Captain, I may chat with her a while before I retire."

'Oh, no you don't.' The warning skirted through her. Before she could think of another reply to set him off she felt him through the force move behind her, the thought of his breath on the back of her neck lifting the hairs there. Under the dress that she'd thrown on over the black jumpsuit hands slid low, cupping the heat of her, fingers stroking through the fabric. She clenched a fist and tried to concentrate elsewhere but the sensation of his hands moved up to caress her breasts through the slick material.

'Get rid of him.'

Padme caught her breath, her heart flip flopping in her chest. "Thank you, Captain. And I will have Skywalker check in with you when he arrives."

Pleased at that, he bowed again. "Thank you, m'lady. Sleep well."

'She's not going to be sleeping.' The force whispered to her in the sound of Anakin's voice in her ear.

Padme shivered, her face flushing, and she quickly returned, "I will."

When Typho left, Padme spun on her heel and searched for Anakin but he was not in the room. Her bedroom had become her sanctuary where not even Dorme could come and go as she pleased anymore. Not since Anakin had come back into her life. Ever since he'd towered over her and accused her of saying he was all grown up she'd banished Dorme from the room. Those blue eyes had pierced her defenses and only Dorme's worried frown had pulled her back from the brink of what would have been disastrous. Then Dorme had caught sight of the smirk he'd given as Padme walked away. Padme had seen him in the mirror and almost turned to him and demanded he take her then and there, but Dorme's presence had saved her...and she didn't want to be saved anymore. Not from Anakin, anyway.

A thrill of expectation unfurled along her nerve endings at the thought of what lay behind the door. Those blue eyes, that wicked grin, those full, kissable lips, those long, knowing fingers, that sexy body... ooh! He had her right where he wanted her and he knew it! Good thing she had him, too! All he had to do was turn that stare on her and she was a pile of mush! Beyond that door lay a night's pleasure. It was hard to tell what kind of tortures awaited her there but she'd done to him at the temple! But she knew. He'd loved it. It had been scary but wicked and they could've been caught but he'd taught her well enough how not to conceal her thoughts and feelings from others.

Entering the room Padme stood a moment and let her eyes adjust to the darkness. She could

feel him near, the intensity of his eyes boring into her. Acting as if nothing was out of the ordinary, she peeled out of the dowdy senator dress, revealing the tight black jumpsuit, and tossed it to the floor.

Softly she called out, "Come out, come out wherever you are!"

Anakin Begins His Torture

Silence greeted Padme's call for him to show himself. One moment she felt him in the room and the next a black hole opened where he'd been. Confused, she lifted an eyebrow and turned slowly, searching the darkened room for his form. Over and over again she spun going over the room with her eyes, but found no Anakin. Padme frowned and reached out with the force for him. Nothing.

"I learned a new trick," the deep voice startled her.

Padme jerked her head up and finally made out the dark silhouette...in a corner of the ceiling!

"H...how are you doing that?" Padme marveled, stepping over to the far side of the room.
"You're floating!"

Anakin lowered himself slowly to the floor and approached the senator, a rakish grin splitting his features. "I can lift objects, why not myself? I'm the Chosen One. I can do whatever I want." Padme blinked at the audacious statement. The danger in the tone skittered down her spine. "I've been working on levitating and I've been practicing making myself so small in the force that no one can find me...not even you."

Padme's arms crossed her chest defensively. The thought of being shut out of Anakin like everyone else niggled at her mind. "I don't like being shut out."

Anakin smirked and reached for the crossed arms, uncrossing them and pulling her into his embrace. "Don't worry, sweetheart, I'll teach you to find me...eventually."

"Oh!" Padme thumped his chest, her lips forming a petulant pout.

"I need to make myself small so that even Typho can't see me if I'm standing in front of him in broad daylight. The guy hates me."

"He doesn't hate you," Padme denied, stroking his cheek in comfort.

"Well...he hates that I can protect you better than the NUBIAN security," Anakin allowed, turning his cheek to kiss her palm, his tongue swiping across it. Padme shivered, bringing a knowing glint to Anakin's eye. "He's just going to have to get over it and accept the fact that no one can do for you what I can."

As the words left his mouth Anakin grinned at the double entendre. "No one can do for you what I can." The words dropped low and suggestive between them. "I have to punish you, you know, for what you did to me in the temple."

A moue caressed Padme's mouth. "You didn't like it?"

"Oh, on the contrary, m'lady," Anakin played along. "Getting sucked off by you while I have to sit in front of Obi-Wan, Yoda, and Mace is my favorite pastime. I have a bruise where my head hit the table, though." Padme stood on tiptoes, kissed the bruise and smiled innocently. "And for that," Anakin breathed, lowering his lips to her neck and nipping lightly at the spot he knew rendered her helpless, "you must pay the penalty."

Padme's body flamed hot and plunged into ice simultaneously. The long, graceful padawan's fingers grasped the zipper of her jumpsuit and began to tug it down with excruciating slowness. Uncertain brown eyes flickered up to meet the devilish light in his blue ones. A corner of his mouth tilted in response, then his eyes descended to study the slow trail the zipper made between her breasts. The material of the tight jumpsuit gaped halfway across her breasts as he set it free from the zipper. Anakin's tongue poked out and quickly licked his top and lower lips. He studied the exposed skin a moment, his fingers tracing the curves of her breasts. His eyes bore into hers and he backed her onto the wide bed.

"Anakin..." Padme began, heart igniting into overdrive.

"Shh," Anakin pulled himself to eye level with her chest, "I have some exploring to do here."

"It's nothing you haven't seen before," Padme teased, her words a little breathless as Anakin parted the material.

A sinful grin reflected in Anakin's eyes as he glanced up at her briefly before turning his attention to the breasts he'd just revealed.

"And I'll never get tired of seeing it, either," he replied, his hot breath drifting over one nipple. "I wonder what it is about seeing your breasts that turns me on so much?"

"Maybe it's b...b...because you know no one else gets to see it b...but you," Padme answered, stammering as his tongue rasped over the tip of one. Helplessly, one hand feathered through his hair, gripping the ponytail tightly. "Ah...mmm..." Anakin stopped a moment, pursed his lips and blew on the moistened bud. Padme squirmed in annoyance. "Stop teasing me, Ani. Suckle me. Hard. Please?"

Anakin lifted his head, a warning light in his eyes. "My turn. My way. I'll do what I want when I want, but it will be so worth it, m'lady." He cocked an eyebrow at her his smile vanishing. "I'll be inside you before the night is through. That is most definite. And woe on anyone who dares to interrupt."

With that, Anakin resumed licking her nipple, swirling his tongue around it, sometimes flicking it with the point. Beneath him, Padme restlessly stretched her body, purring deep in her throat at the flashes of excitement that zapped from the area of contact to her whole body. Every time she tried to force his head down to take her into his mouth he denied her, lifting his head, eyes dark and condemning.

"Please!" Padme ground out, her body straining against his.

With an amused chuckle he obliged, his mouth closing over one throbbing nipple, drawing it deep into his mouth. His tongue worked feverishly at it while he rolled the other with deft fingers. A noise of fractured emotion bubbled past her lips and her body undulated under his, her hands grabbing the back of his head, legs curving around his thighs clamping him tightly. Whimpers

staccatoed into the air around them, urging him to both heighten her arousal and satisfy her at the same time. By the gods, he loved her breasts!

"You are SO sensitive there," Anakin murmured his appreciation as he pressed tiny kisses around the rosy areole. "Do you have any idea what that does to me? The thought of possessing you drives all other thoughts from my mind. The way you react to me...is so much more than I ever dreamed. And I have to have you."

Padme tugged at his head until he lifted his body over hers, his lips a breath away.

"Then take me," she slurred, her tongue tracing the seam of his lips.

Anakin's smile curled knowingly, his eyes glazed from the attention her mouth was giving him. A growl rattled in his throat. It would be SO easy to give in.

"I swear the Senate has no clue what a siren you are," his tongue touched hers, playing with it.

In earnest, Padme began divesting Anakin of his clothes, irritated at the leather jerkin and rough tunic. The gauzy undershirt however deserved a moment of attention and she rolled him onto his back. He put up no fight and gazed up at her with wicked eyes. Enticing fingers swept the zipper on her jumpsuit lower, past her navel, his eyes appreciating the expanse of soft skin appearing in its wake. She, in turn, lowered her lips to the smooth vee of skin the undershirt revealed and gave it her undivided attention with her lips. Eventually, she kissed her way up his neck and below his ear, her tongue darting in just to receive the pleasure of his hardness grinding against the juncture where the source of her arousal focused and hummed.

"Please, Ani," Padme's breath tickled his ear, her voice low and sensual. "Please don't tease me."

Anakin rolled her over, whipping his shirt off in the process. Her eyes lit up in delight, her hands sliding over his skin, igniting fires of their own. Holding his body away from her he lowered the zipper as far as it would go. Balancing on one forearm, Anakin dipped his fingers into the jumpsuit, immediately drenched in the honey of her desire. Padme's hands clenched into fists, her hips rolling with his touch. The evil smile appeared again and he stroked her, his eyes heavy with lust as he watched her succumb to his attentions.

In the force, her need for him rumbled, a crescendo of want thundering around him. Watching her hips lift to rub her clitoris along his fingers, his own arousal spiked. It was always a rush to watch her come apart at his doing. The staid, intelligent, modest diplomat coaxed to become a wild bitch in heat at his bidding always brought the beast out in him. He loved her, force did he ever! But with that love dwelt this dark need to have her any way he could. He hungered, he craved, he starved to have her! Sometimes afterwards, he'd feel a little guilty at leading her down this obsessive path, but the next time, when her ardor matched his, he'd step a little farther down the black trail and she'd follow, at times taking the lead. Well, not for long, for he'd always wrest it back from her. It never let off. After each time the desire for her doubled. He wanted her longer, harder, more, and more, and more.

"I swear you're a Dathomir witch!" He hissed, biting the juncture of her neck and shoulder.

"N...no," Padme managed to stutter hoarsely, "you're a Sith! Ani, Ani, please!"

Anakin opened his mouth over Padme's, probing deeply with his tongue, curling around hers, stroking in time with his fingers. Moans of excitement echoed in her throat, her hips hitching faster as two of his fingers slid into the heated depths of her then over the hardened, blood-filled nub that proved her passion.

She was there, teetering on the edge of ecstasy. He slowed his stroking and lifted his mouth from hers, his breath hot and harsh over her face as he fought his own desire to see her come apart. Wild-eyed she glared at him grabbing at the hand he still held between her legs.

"Finish me!" She begged, near tears from the torment of dangling over the precipice. "Ani, don't leave me like this!"

Anakin tilted his head as if considering her plea. "Hmmm," he resisted the tugging at his hand, "no, I don't think so." Her fractured cry brought a grin to his face. "Not unless I am deep inside you."

Padme's sly smile accompanied busy hands now at his pants as she comprehended his words. "Then come to me, Ani," she drawled, seductively, sliding her hand along his length.

He shuddered and cursed himself for giving her any sign of weakness on his part. This was supposed to be her punishment, not his! But, oh, the thought of plunging into the tight, wet, heat of her was killing him! The intensity of her desire radiated around him in the force, and the smell of their sex drove him crazy. Striving for calm in the force, he slid a slow finger along her slit and over the nub. Padme groaned. Loudly.

"M'lady!" A muffled voice outside the room suddenly called out, distressed and agitated. "M'lady, are you all right! May I come in?!"

Anakin cursed under his breath and met Padme's wide, terrified eyes. Reluctant and angry he slid off her, grabbed his clothes and retreated to the fresher. Fearful of being caught, Padme bolted from the bed, throwing on a robe. With a fierce tug on the sash she hurried to the door.

"I'm fine, Dorme," Padme soothed, taking in the woman's worried frown. "I was just dreaming that's all. Is something wrong?"

Dorme's body slumped in relief and she smiled. "M'lady, I know it's late, but Senator Organa is here to see you. He says it's urgent."

Padme nodded, wincing inwardly at the curses she could hear through the force bond she shared with Anakin. "I'll be right there."

"Do you need help dressing, m'lady?" Dorme questioned, starting to move into the room.

"NO!" Padme exclaimed, holding her back with one hand. Startled, Dorme paused, eyes wide on the senator. "No," Padme lowered her voice, "I can do it. Tell the senator I'll be with him in a few minutes."

Dorme smiled and nodded and Padme closed the door. Sneaking a glance at the fresher she watched Anakin step into the room, his face bathed in fury.

"What does HE want now?!" Anakin hissed, as Padme scurried around the room, dressing. "Ten

to one at the gaming tables he's going to tell you about the threat on you from the Besalisks! Ten. To. One. It's old news! Does he think you're blind! You have a Jedi to protect you! He's GOT to know you know!"

"Maybe he thinks I don't know," Padme shushed him, noticing the smell of sex still hanging heavy in the air. Images of their mating spun through her mind, Anakin quick to read them. It made him more agitated that the overblown Alderaanian senator had thwarted him...again.

"He knows, he ALWAYS knows!" Anakin rolled his eyes. "He just looks for excuses to see you. If he's not out of here in ten standard minutes..."

"Anakin, please," Padme laid a hand over his mouth, her eyes begging him to be quiet. "Don't you dare do anything to him! I'll get rid of him. I promise!"

"You'd better," he scowled as she made him promise to control himself. But he remembered promising retribution to anyone who interrupted. Wrapping her now clothed body in his arms he proceeded to kiss her deeply, a hand sliding along her body and over a breast. He felt her heart quicken under his hand and released her with a satisfied smirk.

Padme steadied herself and walked to the door, breathless and flushed...and turned on again. Spinning, she pinned him with a stern glare, commenting haughtily before she opened the door, "Sometimes I hate you, Anakin Skywalker."

He bowed in response.

Chapter Three: Anakin Gets His Way

"You must take every precaution, Padme," Bail urged, leaning forward in his seat to glare at her. "This is real! Captain Typho should be up here right now, guarding you!"

Padme sighed. Anakin had been right. The Besalisks.

"Bail, I have told you already that I know all about it and the Jedi are sending Anakin Skywalker over right now," she soothed, hoping to get rid of him. A glance at the chronometer pointed to fifteen minutes already gone. Anakin would be pacing like a Yavin panther, ready to devour the poor, noble senator!

"Then, where is he?" Bail huffed, crossing his arms and sitting back before Padme could stand up to indicate their meeting over. "I have no qualms about Skywalker but he should be here! You should not be alone!"

"She isn't alone, senator, I assure you," a voice just this side of chilly announced from the doorway. "I am right here, as you can see."

"Skywalker!" Bail exclaimed, standing and rushing to shake the Jedi padawan's hand. "I didn't even hear the lift!"

Dorme, who found herself standing just behind Anakin, looked confusedly at the lift behind her. How did he get in without her seeing him? He had to have walked right past her!

"I am a Jedi," Anakin shrugged in explanation and shook Bail's hand, pasting as cordial a smile on his face as he could offer. "I am trained to be inconspicuous if I have to be."

"Good job!" Bail was impressed. "Please impress upon the senator here the seriousness of this latest information!"

Anakin tamped down the urge to force throw Organa out the window for interrupting his pleasurable torturing of Padme. The warning glare from her locked it firmly into place and he nodded. "As you can see, Senator Amidala is aware of the danger, sir, and knows that she has the best protection in the galaxy at her disposal. The Nubian guards are well commanded by Captain Typho."

Padme suppressed the desire to gag aloud at his drivel. He was talking about himself, not her Nubian protectors! And he was right. No one could keep her safe like he could! Now, she had to keep Bail safe from Anakin!

Right then Padme caught Bail twitch a little, his hand swatting at his neck. His head swiveled to look around him in the air and Padme started. Anakin.

"So you see, Bail," Padme smiled disarmingly, taking her arm in his, "you have nothing to worry about. I do, however, appreciate your concern for my safety." As they passed Anakin's ramrod straight body Padme turned her head and glared at Anakin whose face revealed nothing. Padme executed a fake yawn and put her hand against her mouth. "Oh, goodness! Pardon me, Bail."

"No, no, my dear," Bail patted her hand in the crook of his arm, "pardon me! It is late and you should be in bed."

Anakin noticed a spark of delight in the force. It came from Bail and his silent mirth at his phrasing 'you should be in bed.' Anakin simmered at the implied 'with me' and followed them to the lift, just waiting for another crack like that. If it came...

"Again, Bail, thank you for your concern," Padme smiled. The diplomatic smile she used when desiring to get away brought a pleased smile to Anakin.

Bail leaned in to kiss her cheek and promptly jerked back and swatted at the annoying, biting insect again. The lift doors opened and Anakin moved closer, forcing Bail to no other option but retreating into the lift.

"Do not worry, Senator Organa," Anakin bowed to hide the mocking smile toying at his lips, "I will protect the senator at all costs."

Bail nodded absently and was still looking in the air around him for the insect as the lift doors closed.

Smug with victory, Anakin turned to Padme. Vexed, she glared at him with warning eyes and flounced away into the room. Dorme hovered in the room, waiting for instructions. Anakin sensed Padme's desire to slap him and grinned. Sometimes he liked a little rough play from her.

"Senator, you may go to bed," he offered with another bow. "I will be here to watch out for you."

Padme turned, the thought of taking Dorme into her room with her for a while squashed when she remembered how the air in the room might still be permeated with their antics. She nodded, dismissed her handmaiden and stalked into her room. Anakin walked around the room reaching out with the force for anything amiss. Let her cool off, he thought gleefully. When I don't come right away it will drive her nuts.

His mind turned to Organa, dwelling on the senator's confusion between his friendship for the senator and his unwilling attraction to her. If Anakin weren't the jealous type he could sympathize with the guy. But, he WAS the jealous type. At least with Padme he was, and he'd waited too many years for her to feel any sympathy for would-be suitors. Bail's lucky I didn't run him through with my lightsaber.

Once certain all was safe, Anakin sat down on the couch and lay his head back to let time pass before going to Padme and finishing what he'd started. He set his mind free to relive what had gone on earlier and lifted his hand to his nose. Her heady scent still clung to his fingers, his groin tightening in answering response. The animal in him charged the cage he'd fashioned around it, rattling the weak bars. Desire made him weak and strong, enticed him to surrender and dominate. Blood flowed lower, filling him to unbearable hardness.

Sith! He cursed himself. I am not waiting! If she thinks to deny me because of that vapid senator she can think again!

Padme hung the dress back in the wardrobe and loosely tied the sash to her robe. Delicate hands released the hair from its confinement and it tumbled down over her shoulders in dark, silky waves. She had been right to keep Dorme out. The aroma of their lovemaking still hung heavy in the air, tempting her body to remember how close it had been to freedom. A few more moments and he'd have been sheathed tightly inside her, pistoning into her, stroking her to the sweet pinnacle where only he could take her. It didn't matter if he'd been her only lover. She knew no one else could do to her what he did. She loved him, wanted him. The thought of him inside her released a trickle of liquid heat down the inside of her thigh.

"I can smell your hunger for me, Padme," the deep, low voice drawled from the doorway. "I can sense your thighs are damp with your readiness to take me into you."

Padme breathed in deeply, letting his words fire in her blood. "And I can feel through the force how hard you are with wanting me, Anakin Skywalker. You want to subdue me to your will."

"It shall be done," he answered, strolling over to her, his lean body closing in.

"It's already done," Padme's eyes lowered to his utility belt as her hands worked it free. Anakin stood still while she began divesting him of his outer garments once again until all that was left were his pants. Her eyes, dark and luminous in the shadowed room met his, communicating to him what she wanted, needed.

"No, not the bed," Anakin shook his head, a feral grin pulling at his mouth.

A wide window seat commandeered the space along one window where Padme sometimes sat and thought of home, or political intrigues. Anakin thought it silly to have a window seat that gazed out on nothing but traffic, but in Coruscant there wasn't much in the way of natural beauty to gaze upon.

Anakin's eyes dwelt on the full, moist lips tilted towards him and lowered his head to taste them while his hands untied the sash with unhurried movements. The heat of his skin dizzied Padme and she forced her arms to her sides while Anakin removed her robe, letting it slide slowly from her body. She shook with unfulfilled need and curled her arms around his neck as he deepened the kiss, sweeping his tongue over hers in a sensual duel of supremacy. He angled his head, his mouth devouring hers with unrestrained passion, his hands gliding hungrily down her back and over her buttocks, cupping them and lifting her against his hardness. Fervent hunger groaned from her, the deprivation of him shaking her body and buckling her knees.

Before she collapsed, Anakin swung her into his arms and laid her on the wide window seat. A fierce light glowing in his eyes, he examined his prize, the mass of sienna curls waving over her shoulders. His fingers itched to touch them and he pulled the tresses between his thumb and finger, rubbing the silky texture, pleased at its softness. Still, it was in the way. Anakin lifted her hair off her shoulders, his fingers brushing over her breasts, dusky pebbled nipples begging for his touch. She arched. Beneath lids hooded with lust, he stared at her, his hands discarding his last remaining article of clothing. Padme's gaze drifted from his eyes to the proud jut of his swelling erection, her heart thudding at the sight. The proof of the strength of his desire (and the length of it!), shifted her legs apart, and he settled himself between them, the ridge of flesh sliding along the damp opening.

"Padme," Anakin's lips trailed from her shoulder to her neck to her lips where he bit lightly, "see the traffic out there?"

Padme, lost in the sensations of his mouth and hips that continued to work over her sensitive areas, could barely nod. Her hips pushed against his, asking for his possession and his head lowered to her shoulder where he gulped in steady breaths. His own control slipped a notch a moment before he hauled himself back up.

"They're going to see us," he whispered down to her. "They're going to see me take you and make you mine. They're going to see your body writhing under me and know that you are crazed with wanting me. Speeders will fly by with only glimpses of my hips pounding into yours and your body undulating for more. They won't know who we are or be able to tell which window it was, but for a moment, when I make you come, they'll see your body shudder in the shadows. And only then will I pour my seed into you and make you completely mine. Only when you convulse and milk me will I let go into your heaven. So, let them see how you love it when I mate with you, Padme. Show them the animal you are in my arms."

The hoarse, spellbinding words wove around Padme, her hips rubbing along his length for his ownership. "Take me, Anakin," Padme whispered breathlessly, licking his mouth, "Show everyone who I belong to."

Her capitulation so swift, Anakin rewarded her by sliding slowly into her. The moan from her rent the air and Anakin called on the force to disguise their identities and quiet their noise through her apartment. Completely anonymous to the traffic outside they began to move, losing themselves to the rhythm of the dance.

Anakin tunneled into the feel of moving in her, sheathing himself to the hilt, then withdrawing with just the bulbous tip of the head remaining inside. Every slow slide forward scraped along her hard button and stroked her sweet spot, eliciting whimpers and moans of desire. Her fingernails dug into his shoulders as he continued his slow-moving assault, her legs wrapping around his waist to ease the drive of her own hips to his. Words, lusty and sensual, licked

around her ear, luring her to come with him.

"You feel so good, Padme," Anakin's lips caressed her ear. "I could stroke you all night long..."

"Noooo," she interrupted with a protest.

"Turn your head," he insisted, biting her neck, using his cheek to turn her face to the window. "Look at the faces out there. They see us, but not long enough. They want to watch us, but we're in shadow. They want to get home or somewhere so they can fuck someone, too. They want this feeling. They feel our craving for each other and now they have it, too. See what we do to them?"

Speeders of all kinds sped by far from the window, but Padme could see quick flashes of awareness as faces passed and continued onward. In the process her hips still gyrated leisurely against his, keeping herself impaled on his hardness, refusing to set him free. She tightened herself reflexively and heard him hiss at the intentional massage. Through the force she felt their desire sparking in others, felt them diverting their intended directions to seek out their loved ones, or find hasty relief in the lower levels of the city. She wanted them to want it. He was carrying her with him on this nebulous wave, but she didn't care. In that darkness that sometimes plagued him, his love for her still survived and burned. No one else could do this to him.

The rhythm quickened, his thrusts pummeled, and she cried out. "Yes, Ani, Yes! By the gods! Uunnggh!" She urged him on, gripping and releasing him.

Anakin plowed into her rising up on his forearms to watch her mating wildly with him. Her arms flopped over her head, her hands grabbing the edge of the seat as she gave herself over to the waves of surrender rippling through her. Bending his head he captured a nipple in his mouth and suckled and bit it to the rhythm they danced. Padme screamed as the rush of her orgasm suffused her body, promising its nearness.

Gritting his teeth, Anakin closed his eyes and gave himself over to the promptings of the force to complete his possession. The rhythmic clenching of her inner muscles bathed his body in a sheen of moisture, the thrill of being in her driving him into a frenzy. His length grew and swelled inside her, every sensitive inch of him begging for implosion. The smell of sex, their sex, made him insane with stamping his ownership on her once again and he sent a wave of acknowledgment of this hungering lust and love for her into the passersby. Briefly, he glanced out the window and saw many vehicles veer out of the lanes creating new, crazy vectors that would surely crash their speeders if they didn't get control of themselves.

Let them crash, he dismissed through clenched teeth and raced for the home stretch. By now Padme was grabbing for his head forcing it around to hers.

"Watch me!" She panted, her eyes bright, feverish with flecks of gold, "Watch me come for you, Anakin."

Anakin couldn't tear his eyes away. She gazed deeply into him, opening herself to his signature force, then with a cry, her back arched, her head dug into the seat, her eyes rolled up under her lids and she came, deep, convulsive shudders of ecstasy spiraling within her.

He plundered her body. Anakin's hips quickened, jerking into hers, sure to leave bruises later.

As her contractions continued to grab at him, he forced her orgasm on, lengthening and stretching it, until she screamed wildly at the release. Control slipping, he gave himself up to her, rubbing her overly sensitive nerves and slamming home. With a groan he made one last grab at control, but it wrenched out of his grasp and fingers digging into her hips, tilted her to receive more of him. With a wild shout he exploded into her shooting his life-making essence into her womb in hot, thick spurts of ecstasy.

Grunting, Anakin's head snapped back as he savored their shared orgasm, holding still while she churned with the last waves. When he opened his eyes to the sound of her sobbing breath he lowered himself onto her, pressing open-mouthed kisses to her sweat slicked skin. Surprisingly strong arms banded around his neck and held him close. The room spun, charged with sparkles of the force that sparked off them like cut live wires. Anakin couldn't contain the force created energy they'd made. It sizzled around them and he lifted his head and kissed her lips then smiled slyly down at her.

"Are you all right?" He asked, lifting a smug brow at her glowing expression.

"The gods are smiling," she murmured up at him, a hand caressing up his side. He shivered at the languid hand. "You made them come, too."

Anakin tipped his head and laughed, the sound carefree and happy. "Well, at least we didn't make anyone crash...yet."

"What do you mean...yet?" Padme asked, sleepily.

In response, Anakin began a stealthy campaign, pressing leisurely kisses over her face. In time, his tongue teased her mouth open and twined around hers, then moved to wherever on her body he could reach while still pressed deep inside her, hard and ready. As Padme recovered from the intensity of their passion, she began to reciprocate the kisses and caresses, moving sinuously beneath him. By drawing her legs up at different angles she encouraged him to start moving inside her.

"No," Anakin tore his lips away, pleased at her squeak of protest. He stood up on the seat and pulled her to stand with him.

"What are you doing?" Padme asked, her body already flushing a satisfyingly rosy hue.

"This," Anakin pushed her in front of him, pressing her body against the window. "Spread your legs."

"W...What?!" Padme gasped, hardly daring to believe her ears.

"Spread for me," he whispered harshly in her ear.

Timidly, she complied and Anakin bent his knees, centering his stiff member against her opening.

"Sith, Ani!" She groaned, her body lubricating at the idea.

"That's right, baby, get wet for me," he coaxed. With a rush, he plunged upwards, sliding in at an entirely new angle.

Padme reached out, hands flattening against the glass. With strong hands he lifted her farther onto him and pressed her into the window, his hips working at her from behind.

"Ooh, Anakin!" She murmured, unable to do anything but receive his stroking thrusts.

"Your punishment goes all night, m'lady," he reminded in her ear and then bit her shoulder.

"I hope no one crashes," she mumbled, whimpering at the tingling overtaking her body.

"All they want is what we want," Anakin answered, smiling wickedly as someone ventured out of the speeder lane and closer, hypnotized by the bodies it saw in the window. Using the force he pushed the driver back into its lane and sped him along his way. Working one hand around to the front of her body he fingered her nerve bundle and set her bucking against his hand as he pumped into her.

"Punish me, Anakin," Padme whispered, losing herself to his control. "Just...punish me."

With a fiendish grin, Anakin set out to do just that.